

## IN MEMORIAM

(Continued from Page Three.)

a life that God created, but we do so with his sanction that a higher life may live. So in a defensive war, a war for the protection of the home and fireside, for the preservation of the higher ideals of government, for the survival of the great principles of freedom, we have the divine sanction, and the larger the sacrifice the more priceless the boon.

The spirit that animated these men to lay down their lives, if necessary, for a principle, which this monument is intended to consecrate, in the providence of God, still survives.

That war was for the exercise of the reserved rights guaranteed to the states under the constitution.

The exercise of these rights by the governors of the southern states at this very time, in a larger sense and a more wholesome manner than was ever before performed, and the very erection of these monuments to our sainted heroes all over our land are in themselves proofs that those of us now living enjoy a larger measure of freedom and a greater tolerance of opinion than that possessed by any other nation at any other time in the world's history, and these truths tell us that the war drums of 1860 did not beat in vain.

Largely by virtue of that struggle this nation is stronger today in all the cardinal virtues ordained in its organic laws than it was when our forefathers consecrated it to the world as a child of freedom.

And in it all the women played a part, a large, a most conspicuous part. Their part has been beautifully enshrined in verse:

Let me read you a story that is old,  
very old,  
A story that has often been told and  
re-told,  
And yet is as bright and as new as  
the sun,  
Or the dew in the spring when the day  
is begun.

'Tis the story of women, fair women,  
and true,  
Whose home in the southland, where  
skies are so blue,  
Where the flowers bloom always, the  
birds ever sing,  
And rewards are enjoyed that virtue  
can bring.

The south in her glory—before the  
long war  
Came to scourge her and leave her  
with wound and with scar—  
Was blessed with men gallant and  
women most fair,  
Whose home was their watchword  
and loved ones their care.

When war came, and outrage, who bid  
the men go  
And stand for their country in weal  
and in woe?  
Who waited and prayed for their loved  
ones away,  
Consumed with their anguish and  
longing each day?

'Twas the women, God bless them,  
they stood for the right.  
The men died in glory in the heat of  
the fight;  
But the women, sore travailed in sor-  
row and want,  
From the door fought the wolf, so  
grim and so gaunt.

Yet never a word of complaint could  
one hear,  
From privation and want shed they  
never a tear,  
And they worked for their own. But  
their warriors bold  
Urged to fight for their homes, to have  
and to hold.

When the carnage was over and sol-  
diers came back  
To the remnants of homes in the ene-  
my's track—  
The women! May blessings from the  
hand of God fall  
On the women who met them, and  
welcomed them all.

We greet you, oh, women! we South-  
rons today,  
As the queens of our homes, our work  
and our play;  
For truth and for purity, for virtue  
and love,  
We bless you and honor you, all else  
above.

Dr. Nunnally is president of the Columbia College at Lake City, and is a Confederate veteran, having participated in the heroic struggle from the beginning to its close. He is from Georgia, a state that is prolific in giving birth to sons who have achieved wonderful fame in the field of oratory. Dr. Nunnally enjoys in his state a splendid reputation as an orator and fully sustained his reputation in the splendid oration that he delivered at our unveiling ceremonies.

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers his speech in full.

He spoke as follows:  
Forty-three years have passed since the southern cause inspired the poet Priest to utter these words:

"Furl that banner! for 'tis weary,  
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;  
Furl it, fold it, it is best;  
For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it,  
And there's not one left to lave it  
In the blood which heroes gave it.  
And its foes now scorn and brave it,  
And, though conquered, we still adore it.  
And love the cold, dead hands that  
bore it,  
And weep for those who fell before it,  
And pardon those who trailed and tore it."

It is faded now, but spotless still, the storms have drenched it; enemy's missiles have pierced and torn it, but never a deed by him who marched beneath it has ever dishonored it.

This the theme for the hour's thought: The battles we fought, the lessons they taught, the blessings they brought, and the changes they wrought. What a theme is this for the poet's song, the painter's brush, the musician's note, the historian's pen, or the orator's tongue. Orators have lavished their eloquence in praise of the soldiery; painters have thrown upon canvass the views of the battle and battlefields; poets have sung of the heroism and the victories of companies; historians have found it a treasure for record; statesmen have stood over the movement and delved into the intricacies of the collision and sought for the fundamentals of civil government. Indeed, all minds have given the four years' struggle an intense investigation, but the orator's lips may be silenced and the harp-strings of the musician may be broken, and the rhythm of the poet may die away in the stillness, and this research of the statesman may be abandoned, but woman, true to her mission, will preserve the glorious memories of those years of strife. She has enshrined them within her heart. She has woven them into the web of her life and she has crystallized them into her tears. She has sketched them in undying colors on the canvass. She has chiseled them in monuments of bronze and marble. She keeps the story fresh in the songs which echo from lip to cradle, and "Dixie" and "Bonny Blue Flag," become the legacy of future years.

The scene before me is not an unusual occurrence. In every village, hamlet and city within the southland the children from the school, the women from their homes, and the men from their places of business and the surviving veterans, scarred in battle and weighted down with years, may be seen in the winding procession that finds its way to where the dead soldier is buried, there to deposit their tributes of praise, the flowers of love. Such scenes as this come to me now, and for more than forty years this annual tribute I have helped to pay, and with the Scotch bard I can afford to say:

"Still o'er these scenes my memory  
wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time, but the impression stronger  
makes,  
As streams their channels deeper  
wear."

But we come to a more solid discussion of this theme, and as every event brings its message, and as every creature has its mission, we ask, what message comes to us from the battle's strife of forty years ago? What mission did that war perform for mankind and for God?

The first lesson it teaches us is this: The power and efficiency of the citizen soldiery. When the bugle call was sounded to arms, men unheard of left their fields and stepped to the front with the grasp of the plow handle still in their grip, and seizing their sabres led armies to the battle and to victory. Boys threw down their text books, and grasping their muskets showed how soon the lad might be converted into the strength and courage of the soldier. The illustrious names on record prove to the world the possibility of southern manhood—how they may rise to meet emergencies. It has led nations to put trust and confidence in the patriotism of men who live in the quiet walks of life.

The war has shown us in what high esteem men of little speech may hold the love of country and the honor and the liberty we have enjoyed to the world—what high esteem men placed upon right, principle truth and liberty.

"We see how they hold, if there be on this earthly sphere  
A boon: an offering that heaven holds dear;

'Tis the last libation that liberty  
draws  
From the heart that breaks and bleeds  
in her cause."

Not only has that war developed the character of the soldier from the life of the humble citizen, but it developed genius that revolutionized the navies of the world. It was our effort in providing protection along the coast lines that gave to the world the conception of the battleship, which today

is sought and utilized by all the nations of the earth. The iron-clad was born in the genius of the southern brain; not only this, but the inventive genius of the southern soldier has demonstrated to the world how manufacturing enterprises may be multiplied along the lines of war. It was on Confederate soil and under guidance of Confederate skill that armories were constructed, munitions of war were multiplied and all the implements of warfare moulded. That war shows the fertility of southern genius, in that, being shut in from all the outside world, we could provide the necessary means of defense. The little maid called the "Southern Confederacy," touched our iron hills with gentle fingers and through the furnaces the ore was poured and was fashioned into cannon that rolled its scourge of death upon the approaching enemies.

That war has given the proper emphasis to the idea of democracy and developed the principles of local self government. That war put the thought into oppressed nations that freedom was possible. Even to them, the recent struggles which have resulted so favorably to Cuba and the Philippines, is due to the war of secession. We have made universal liberty desirable and possible. While our defeat shows the losses we sustained, our endurance of these losses shows how true men today may preserve their honor in the severest struggles of life; of recuperation and revivification of southern enterprises, and shows the resources of the southern men and the southern heart. Nowhere in the annals of time can be found a similar record where a nation has been down-trodden, robbed, despoiled of its gods, crippled and murdered, and has so quickly recovered and reasserted its power and authority, and so fully preserved its dignity and honor.

Another result of that war is that it has given to the world the wonder—a wonder without precedence—how a nation so defeated could so soon be brought back into harmony and fellowship, and today, as recent events disclose, no part of this country is more loyal in its allegiance to the stars and stripes than that represented in the Confederate states.

When we surrendered at Appomattox we laid down our arms in truth, and as during the four years of battle we did our best to beat the enemy back, yet when we surrendered we gave our allegiance to the United States government. No part of this country has been truer or more loyal.



THE NEW COURT HOUSE, NAER WHICH STANDS THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT  
(This is the only correct picture of the court house that has been printed.)

That allegiance has been tested in recent events, and when the call was made for soldiers in the Spanish war the response most full and free and ready came from southern homes. The soldiers who wore the gray in the civil war were seen donning the blue and leading the columns in the Cuban strife. Such a return to loyalty, voluntary and complete, is not to be found in the history of nations. Thus their return to the support of the general government has established the strength of character that has ever been illustrated by southern manhood.

These are some of the lessons taught us in the school of war. These are some of the changes that were wrought in the strife of battle. These are some of the blessings brought us by the servants of strife. These are some of the messages that were delivered to us by the messengers of Mars.

But for all this we paid the price. Blood is the cost of progress, and learning in the school of experience demands high tuition. We paid the price in the blood of our soldier boys and thousands who sleep in graves unmarked, the homes that were dismantled, the sections of country that were burned, the hearts that were broken, the lives that were lost, is the price we paid, and these now are

"On fame's eternal camping ground,

Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

"How sleep the brave who sink to  
rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,  
There honor comes—a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their  
clay;  
And freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The cause for which they fought and fell was lost. The hopes they so dearly cherished were crushed. The battle flag which they loved so well was furled, with no stain of dishonor upon it and around it was wreathed the glory of hundreds of victorious battle fields while its shot and shell-torn remnants were undying emblems of the heroic deeds of brave men who fought beneath its folds and whose achievements shall always be upon the scroll of history and upon the lips of poetry. But all these achievements would have failed and the Confederate struggle would have been a farce but for the part that woman took in the patriotic movement, for that same strife which converted citizens into generals and students into soldiers developed the womanhood in the southern home that has challenged the admiration of the world. She has manifested a marvelous hardihood in toil and wonderful courage in danger and war, and loyalty and love in distress. Her gentleness and grace and purity in scenes most degrading and repulsive she has passed through furnaces without the smell of fire on her garments, and emerged from the darkness of defeat, flashing the splendors of heavenly beauty. One of the bards of Scotland long ago sang this familiar couplet:

"Full many a flower is torn to blush  
unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air."

But the southern rose in the moist garden of the southern home—southern womanhood—war grown and sub-pruned, has filled the earth with its fragrance and outstrips in beauty and tone the production of palaces in the east and mansions in the north.

That same poet said:

"Full many a gem of purest ray  
sere,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean  
bear."

But the volcanic fires of southern war forced these southern gems to the sunlight, and the world has felt their increasing splendors. The war developed the strength and purity and beauty of southern womanhood. What sacrifices she made, as she offered her loved ones upon the altar of Mars, what endurance as she toiled at the loom, in the shop, in the field, to supply food and raiment to the boys in gray; the boy upon whose form she had buckled the sash, upon whose brow she had pressed the kiss of love as he left for the field of battle, the bivouac and the grave; what heroism, as she tore her skirts in pieces to furnish bandages for the hospital and the wounded; then the wayside inns along our railways where the tables were always set for the passing soldier, whether at dawn, at noon, or midnight. Glorious women of the south, faithful to their vow, loyal to their love, and ready for sacrifices, always unto death. It remained for her to conceive the idea of building monuments all over the southland, which shall stand for ages, and tell of the bravery of the faithful soldier who is poised upon it, and of loving women who lay flowers at its base. She has persisted in this

movement, until now, at the present time there exists in every section of our southland monuments bearing testimony to the bravery of the soldier and to the love of his mother.

But the hoarse voice of the cannon is hushed; the rattle of musketry has ceased; an eternal armistice has been declared, and a scene on the Rappahannock comes to view. The two armies were in hailing distance, with the river rolling between; in the stillness of the night the federal band began the national air, "Yankee Doodle," and then played "The Star Spangled Banner." On the northern slopes from ten thousand throats the wild hurra broke in tremendous volume. When it had died away the soldier band on the southern side struck up "Dixie" and then "The Bonny Blue Flag," a heavenly peace brooded over the armies and tears washed the powder stained faces, and hearts beat tenderly in the brave bosom wrapped in blue or in gray. So today with the Potomac rolling between—the whole south and all the north, from Hudson Cliffs to Key West—join hands in circling the vast domain and call the entire country "our home," from the green mountains of Vermont to the orange groves of Florida, and from Cape Hatteras to Golden Gate, we are one people, one family, with a single purpose and an identical destiny, and everyone can join in the splendid sentiment of Walter Scott:

"Breathes there a man with soul so  
dead,  
Who ne'er to himself hath said:  
'My own, my native land.'  
If such there breathe, go mark him  
well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell.  
Though high his titles, proud his name,  
Soundless his winn,  
Yet do thy titles that power and  
pelf,  
The wretch, all concentrated in self,  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he  
sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

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Mary Phillips—Unknown dead.

In introducing Col. J. M. Martin, who received the monument on behalf of the Confederate Veterans Mr. Harris gave a brief outline of his war record, stating that he was one among the first to answer the call of his country for troops. That he organized the Martin Light Artillery, which did heroic service on the blood-stained battle fields as a part of the western army and afterwards as a part of the army of Northern Virginia. That it was fit and appropriate for the daughters to have chosen him to receive this heroic monument.

Colonel Martin, when he arose to speak was vigorously applauded. He spoke without notes and in splendid voice, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: This is an occasion for sorrow, as well as for rejoicing. For sorrow because memory recalls the friends of our younger years, who are now gone. For rejoicing because they have left behind them a heritage to their country and children that must and ever will be cherished. Few, very few of us are left who witnessed upon this square, and around the old court house, the enthusiastic response from every home and hamlet, to the call of what they believed to be their duty. Mothers, with heart broken, bade farewell to sons; wives kissed, perhaps for the last time, devoted husbands, and maidens, with sorrowing, tearful eyes cheered brothers on to the scenes of conflict, not as rebels, but as patriots in defense of principles dear and sacred to them.

It is not our purpose to discuss the cause of the fateful struggles of '61 to '65, for the gentlemen who have preceded me have eloquently told the story. Southern historians and statesmen have recorded the justice of our plea, that generations to come may know; but we will say that whatever may have been the sacrifice, whatever may have been the criticisms of those who differed with us, we have no apology to offer, for the spirit which inspired the fathers of '74 inspired their daughters and sons of our Confederacy. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from Florida to Kentucky, Ah, upon the rugged heights of Gettysburg, the blood of our comrades has been shed to vindicate our rights as we saw them, under the constitution bequeathed to us by Washington and Jefferson.

With pride we affectionately honor those officers whose deeds of valor have commanded the praise and admiration of their countrymen and whose achievements have been inscribed perhaps upon the pages of history. Upon their graves, in love, we would place garlands of purest flowers; but we must not forget the private soldier—the sentinel—with no insignia but his musket and cartridge box, with raiment tattered, with shoes worn, without shelter or cover at night, upon the lonely, freezing picket line he stood watching, listening, guarding. Shall I, can I, tell you of his suffering, of his fidelity to duty? Go trace his marches all over Virginia, through Tennessee, Georgia, and east and west, you will pass over hundreds of battlefields where the rebel yell once was heard, and where many Confederate soldiers breathed their last in the discharge of their duty.

My friends, while we cannot, or have our children's children forget those memorable years, we rejoice that our once distracted country is again united, and that sectional hatred has passed away. Permit us, in behalf of the few surviving veterans, and we believe with the sanction of those who are gone, were they living, to urge our children to be faithful to our re-united country, and let none excel in loyal citizenship. Guard as best you can your constitutional rights, labor to develop our resources, till with care and energy our fertile soil, educate your children, and soon, very soon, our south will be in her former glory, and those who saw her poverty a few years ago will wonder at her prosperity.

Beloved president and United Daughters of Dickinson Chapter, I am commissioned by the Confederate Veterans of Camp No. 56, to deliver to you messages of love and adoration, and to tell you throughout the vicissitudes of those trying years, none were entitled to more honor and gratitude than yourselves. At your shrine these gray-haired soldiers beg to offer dear memories.

When the tocsin of war was first sounded, despite your tender natures, you rallied as one to the support of our southern cause. With your skillful hands you fashioned beautiful banners and inscribed upon them inspiring sentiments. You were ever ready to aid in the preparation of the departing boys in gray, and sang "Dixie" as they left for battle. Day by day the sad news of the death of a loved one would come to sadden your homes, but you never faltered. To the sick and hungry your doors were always open, and under your shelter he was blessed with your womanly hospitality. You knitted socks for his frozen

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